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Says England, since union's de ting dat
you want,
By Jasus, I'll give you a belly full on't.
And if green is de colour you like, by de
mass,
You'll be pleas'd when all Dublin is
covered with grass.
But says Teague, now by union what is
it dey mane,
Sure 'tis bunding three nations all fast in
one chain.
'Tis a scheme which quite bodders one's
brains fait' and troth,
For its worse for de one, yet its better for
both.
Is not Johny Fitzgibbon gone straight to
de K—g ?
O between 'em, how nately they'll settle
de ting.
He'll drive a rare job for us all, you may
swear,
And anoder as good for Lord Chancellor
Clare.
Arrah, since we've a parliament not to
our mind,
Sure to take it away, now, is wonderful
kind.
Would a minister wish for his job's better
tools
Dan a cargo of knaves—when exported
by fools.
And, by Christ we'll not send him such
blundering elves,
Who will tink of der country, and not of
themselves.
Oh when Paddy in Westminster takes
his own sate
By my soul, he'll enliven the English de-
bate.
Should the spaker call order, he'll huff and
look big
Till he makes every hair stand on end on
his wig.
Should a member presume 'on his speech
to remark,
Sure he'll beg just to meet him next day
in the park.
For a Park, like our Phoenix, in London
they've got,
By Jontlemen us'd for exchanging a shot.
Won't it be a vast himfit now for our
trade,
When all laws to promote it in England
are made.
You have seen, Teague, a cur to whose
draggl'd backside,
Butcher-boys have a broken old cannister
ty'd.
Now if England's de dog, whom French
butchers assail,

Will not we be de cannister tied to her
tail ?
Not a great while ago, sure, we heard a
vast dale
About renunciation, and simple repeal.
But this scheme now will strike every
orator mute
And the union will settle this simple dis-
pute.
And 'twill den to our fierce orange yea-
men be known,
*Dat in cutting our troats deyve been cutting
dere own.*
Lillabullero Bulen al ha,
Lero lero, Lillabullero, lillabullero, bulen
al ha.

TO RESIGNATION.

COME meek-eyed maid,
Thou sweet resemblance of a dying
saint !
Who claims thy aid,
Shall ne'er on life's tumultuous voyage
faint ;
But cheerily on shall go ; for thou shalt
bring
Full draughts of comfort from the Elysian
spring.
Come, heaven-born maid,
Impetuous vice before thy power shall
fly,
Each passion laid,
The adoring penitent shall calmly die,
Whilst hope's fair tints, shall o'er his
features play,
And Heaven's bright sun shall gild his
parting day.
By thee sustain'd,
The captive pris'ner keeps a tranquil
heart,
Of nought arraign'd ;
Thou draw'st injustice' sting and heals't
the smart,
Nor shall he droop, supported still by
thee,
'Till better days shall give him liberty.
Taught by thy pow'r
We e'er shall shun the wretched lure of
pride,
And in that hour
When death shall strike, be thou our
lucent guide,
Our pilot still : then, steady we shall soar
To realms where guilty passions reign no
more. A PRISONER,

LA VERDURE.

C'EST la verdure
Qui nous annonce avec gaitè
Le doux reveil de la nature ;
Le trone de la volupté
C'est la verdure.

Sous la verdure
Zéphir éteint les feux du jour,
Mais son haleine fraîche et pure,
Ranime tous les feux d'amour,
Sous la verdure.

Sans la verdure
Point de myrthe, ni de laurier,
Comment orner la chevelure
De l'amant, et du guerrier
Sans la verdure?

Sur la verdure
L'innocence timidement,
Cueille des fleurs pour sa parure,
Par fois elle en perd jouant
Sur la verdure.

Sur la verdure
L'amour a trouvé le bonheur,
Depuis cette heureuse aventure
L'Espérance a pris la couleur
De la verdure.

A Translation or imitation of the foregoing elegant Stanzas is earnestly requested.

BOAST not, fond youth, the Fairy power
Of wit, or worth, or feeling fine,
Say canst thou fix a widow's dow'r?
Arc *Settlements* or *Bank-Stock* thine!

If thou not share Potosi's mine,
Nor offer Love a golden show'r,
Talk not of charms, or bliss divine
Thou wast not born in fortune's hour.

A. R.

ON THE TIMES.

BY MR. B. — OF B. — D.

O TIMES! O manners, honest Cic'ro
cry'd,
When his lov'd Rome lay bleeding by his
side;
When sire with son in fierce contention
stood,
And Roman plains were drenched in Ro-
man blood;
But to exclaim, O times, O manners *now*,
When none can fear the haughty tyrant's
brow,
When every hill, and every valley smiles,
And peace and plenty bless these happy
isles,
To cry O times, O manners, *now*, displays,
Your own ill-temper, not good George's
days.

ANSWER,

BY MRS. E. — D.

WHEN Cæsar Rome's imperial spirit
broke,
And bowed her haughty neck beneath his
yoke,

BELFAST MAG. NO. XXVI.

"O wretched times," desponding Cic'ro
cry'd,
When Rome's best blood but swelled her
Tiber's Tide.
Yet generous Brutus struck one well aim'd
blow,
And instant vengeance laid the tyrant
low,
*But when oppression tries each deeper art,
To poison, not to stab each honest heart:
When virtue is so rooted from the ground,
That hardly can one generous vice be found;
And just of gold in every sordid breast,
Like Aaron's rod, has shadowed up the rest;
Then, then, exclaim O hopeless times indeed!
Far deeper is the wound which does not bleed.*

ADDRESS TO A HARP.

FAREWELL my harp! farewell my
only treasure!
No more with thee I'll cheer my weary
mind,
No more with thee I'll wake this sprightly
measure,
For I must leave thee, sweetest friend,
behind.

Thy strains no more shall lull each rude
emotion,
And give the tear of rapture to my eye;
From thee I go across the stormy ocean
Where no loved friend shall hear me when
I sigh.

Oft o'er thy strings in silent rapture
musing,
The poet's dream would o'er my fancy
steal,
And thy soft tones a gentle balm diffusing
Those sorrows softened which they could
not heal.

The noisy follies of the world disdaining,
To thee how oft for solace would I fly,
And while I listened to thy soft complain-
ing,
How would'st thou hush the agonizing
sigh.

But hopeless now, forlorn, and broken-
hearted,
From thee, in vain, I seek my lost repose.
Remembrance lingers over joys depart-
ed,
Joys that but aggravate my present woes.

Farewell my harp! farewell my only
treasure,
No more with thee I'll cheer my weary
mind,
No more with thee I'll wake the sprightly
measure,
For I must leave thee, dearest friend, be-
hind.

E. C.

Cc